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The Traveller, the Deserted Village, and Other Poems

Oliver Goldsmith, J. H. Lobban, ., Richard Westall

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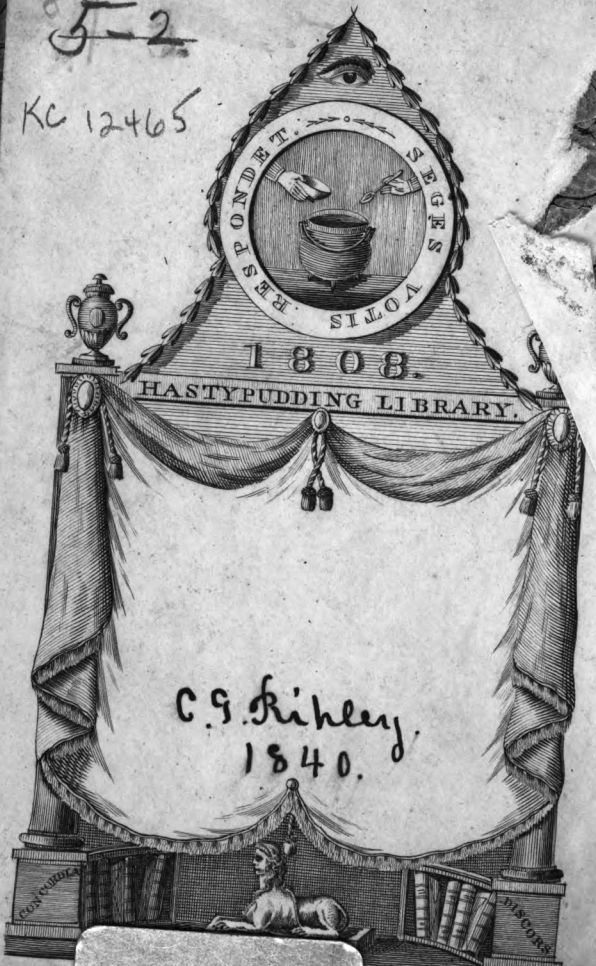

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GOLDSMITH'S POEMS.

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THE

POEMS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS

FROM THE DESIGNS OF

RICH^D WESTALL, R.A.

R.Westall R.A.del. W.Finden fc

The bashful virgins side long looks of love
The matrons glance — *Deserted Village.*

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY.
1822.

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Chas. C. Emerson
from George Otis
Cambridge, Oct. 1825.

THE

TRAVELLER,

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE,

AND

Other Poems.

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE,
PICCADILLY;
BY C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.

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CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

DR. JOHNSON pronounced THE TRAVELLER to be the finest poem that had appeared since the time of Pope; and this measured encomium, dictated by the great *Aristarch* of British Poets, was probably sufficient to content the ambition of the author. The Poem exhibits all the terseness, the polished versification, and the smartness of the author of the Essay on Man, whose style was the model of the poetasters of the day: but there is an originality in Goldsmith, which entitles him to rank higher than the highest form in the school of Pope. In his style, he may perhaps be considered as an imitator: his thoughts are always his own, and are impressed with the genuine simplicity of his character.

THE TRAVELLER is one of the few didactic poems, in which the poet and the moralist never part company. The sentiments appeal to the imagination, as strongly as the descriptions by which they are illustrated. The author himself engages our interest in the person of the Traveller, and his observations and remarks acquire a picturesque effect, from being associated with the scenery which suggested them. On this production Goldsmith rested his hope of establishing his fame, and he bestowed his choicest hours on its composition. It was first printed in 1765, and it completely succeeded in procuring for the author celebrity and patronage. Patronage however

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—at least the patronage of the great—was not the object of his solicitude. He dedicated his TRAVELLER to his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, to whom part of the poem was originally addressed from Switzerland: "a man who, despising fame and fortune, had retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year." "The only dedication I ever made," says Goldsmith in addressing the DESERTED VILLAGE to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "was to my brother, because I loved him better than most men." A circumstance is narrated by his biographer, which affords additional proof, that a native spirit of independence and of careless disinterestedness formed a conspicuous trait of the poet's character. The poem had procured for Goldsmith the unsolicited friendship of Lord Nugent, afterwards Earl of Clare; and in consequence of his Lordship's favourable mention of the author, he received an invitation to wait on the Earl of Northumberland. The Earl was on the eve of departing as Lord Lieutenant for Ireland, and hearing that Goldsmith was a native of that country, he expressed his willingness to do him a kindness. The account which the poet himself gives of his answer to the gracious offer is, that he "could say nothing but that he had a brother there, a clergyman, that stood in need of help. As for myself," he adds, "I have no dependence on the promises of great men; I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others."

The DESERTED VILLAGE was published in 1769. Like his other great ethic poem, it received the severest correction and the highest finishing he could bestow upon it; and cost him, both in time and labour, far more than many of those compilations by which he earned a subsistence. He was an author from necessity; he was a poet from feeling and from choice: but the spontaneous exercise of his imagination was a relaxation in which he rarely permitted

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himself to indulge. "Of all kinds of ambition," he remarks in the Dedication to the TRAVELLER, "what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the division of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest." These two great poems are the only fruits of that native ambition: his other works were written for the booksellers.

Both THE TRAVELLER and THE DESERTED VILLAGE were the result of the inspiration of genuine feeling. The characteristic sketches of the several nations visited by the TRAVELLER, derived from actual observation the philosophical accuracy with which they are drawn: and it is remarkable how, in many instances, the more romantic estimate of the poet is corrected by the nearer view which the TRAVELLER takes of the scenes that delight the imagination; we need only refer to that exquisite passage, in which he points out the evils which counterbalance the advantages of an inferior degree of civilisation.

> "If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
> Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
> To fill the languid pause with finer joy."

Goldsmith has introduced himself into one of his landscapes, in which he alludes to the manner in which he made "the grand tour,"—on foot, and "trusting to Providence for his resources." The lines are these:

> "How often have I led thy sportive choir
> With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
> Where shading elms along the margin grew,
> And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew:
> And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
> But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
> Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
> And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour."

The account which he was accustomed to give of his own travels, so nearly resembled those of the wanderer in the VICAR of WAKEFIELD, that the following particulars are, not without good reason, con-

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jectured by his biographer to refer to himself. "I had some knowledge of music, and now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play to people of fashion, but they still thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle." His classical learning also procured him a hospitable reception, and sometimes a gratuity, at the monasteries. "Thus" says he, "I fought my way from convent to convent, walked from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture."

The professed design of THE TRAVELLER, is to establish as an axiom, "that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess." The reader, however, concerns himself little with our author's position; but as scene after scene is presented to his imagination in all the force of contrast, and all the warmth and vividness of a poet's colouring, his admiration grows into sympathy, he realizes the feelings of the Traveller, and is at length pleased to find himself conducted so pleasantly to the gratifying conclusion, that

> "where'er we roam,
> "His first, best country ever is at home."

THE DESERTED VILLAGE is the favourite poem of the two; and perhaps no poem in the language, of equal length, has been more generally or repeatedly read by all classes, or has more frequently supplied extracts, to be spontaneously committed to memory. It abounds with couplets and single lines, so simply beautiful in point of sentiment, and so perfect in expression, that the ear is delighted to retain them for their melody, and the memory is unwilling to lose them for their truth. A person who has never

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perused this poem, or who having once perused it has suffered it to lay by him for a series of years, is surprised, on taking it up, to recognise at every paragraph, lines with which he has long been familiarized, although not aware of their author. Pope himself, with all his sparkling antitheses, which serve admirably to point a sentence, is not referred to with that fondness with which a quotation is made from THE DESERTED VILLAGE, because Pope rarely, if ever, comes home to the feelings like Goldsmith, or appeals to those best affections of our nature which consecrate the names of country and of home. Milton, especially in his Comus, Shakspeare, and in an inferior degree Thomson, and Young, and Cowper, may be enumerated as the only poets, besides Pope and Goldsmith, whose works have come into general use as *text books* of expression, and which have thus become in a measure identified with the language. It is unnecessary to point out how widely these all differ in style and character. Goldsmith's charateristic is a prevailing simplicity, which conceals the artifices of versification. His delineations of rural scenery, and his village portraits, are marked by singular fidelity and chasteness: they are delicately finished, without being overwrought; and there is a mixture of pleasantry and tender melancholy throughout the poem, which adds much to its interest.

There can be no doubt that AUBURN was employed to designate the scene of Goldsmith's earliest local attachment. The landscape, the characters, and the circumstances of the tale, all appear to have had a real existence in the eye and in the heart of the poet. It is no objection, that the scene is purely English: the poem was designed for English readers; but the feelings and the remembrances which it imbodies, were drawn from his native soil. It is supposed that the village of Lishoy, in the county of Westmeath, Ireland, where his early years were passed, is the

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spot to which he pays this tribute of affection. His letters, no less than his poetry, breathe an ardent attachment to his native country. He speaks of his "unaccountable fondness" for a country out of which be brought nothing except his brogue and his blunders; describes himself as suffering from the *maladie de pays;* and confesses that he carries this fondness to the souring of the pleasures he possesses. "If I go to the Opera, where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy fireside, and *Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night* from Peggy Golden; if I climb up Falmstead Hill, than where Nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine; but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lishoy gate, and there take in, to me the most pleasing horizon in nature."

In confirmation of this conjecture, it seems that the inhabitants of Lishoy pointed out, to a recent visitant of the spot, remains of the principal objects referred to in the poem, the situation of which exactly corresponded with the description there given.

> "The never failing brook; the busy mill,
> The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,
> The hawthorn bush———"

Some circumstances, too*, which occurred at Lishoy during our poet's life, and which issued in the emigration of some hundreds to other parts of the country and to America, may well be supposed to have suggested the subject of the poem.

The "Village Preacher," which has every appearance of being drawn from the life, answers to the character of the poet's brother, to whom he dedicated his TRAVELLER, and of whom he always spoke in terms of the warmest affection. It is singular, that the income on which, in the Dedication to the Traveller, Goldsmith represents his brother as retiring to happy

* Goldsmith's Poetical Works, with topographical illustrations of the Deserted Village, by the Rev. Mr. Newell. 4to. 1811, p. 72.

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obscurity, exactly corresponds with the stipend of the village preacher;

"— passing rich with forty pounds a year."

He was curate of Lishoy upon a small salary, and died "*within* four years preceding the publication of THE DESERTED VILLAGE." The "Broken Soldier" also is supposed to have had a prototype in the person of a schoolmaster, from whom Goldsmith had received instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and who had served as a quarter-master in Queen Anne's wars. "Having traveled over a considerable part of Europe," we are informed, "and being of a romantic turn, he used to entertain Oliver with his adventures; and the impression they made upon his scholar was believed by his family to have given him that wandering and unsettled turn which so much appeared in his future life."

Among Goldsmith's minor poems, the beautiful ballad of THE HERMIT deserves to be particularized. It was first printed in the year 1765; in which year Dr. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, published his elegant collection, entitled "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." That work contains a tale framed on a plan so similar, that the Doctor was taxed by the scribblers of the day with having taken his ballad from the "Friar of Orders Gray." This charge he repelled in a letter to the editor of the St. James's Chronicle, June, 1767, with all a poet's feverish solicitude for fame, asserting the priority of his own poem. But it appears from Dr. Percy's statement, that the story on which both poems are founded was taken from a very ancient ballad in that collection, beginning, "Gentle heardsman." This ballad Dr. Goldsmith had seen and admired long before it was printed; and some of the stanzas he appears, perhaps undesignedly, to have imitated in THE HERMIT.

The following additional stanza, which should come after the twenty-ninth, is given in the octavo edition

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of his works, on the authority of the Bishop of Dromore.

> "And when, beside me in the dale,
> He carol'd lays of love,
> His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
> And music to the grove."

The remainder of Goldsmith's Poems come under the description of *jeux d'esprit*. Some of them scarcely deserve a place in a collection of English poetry, being more fit for a jest-book or a collection of songs and epigrams: of this character are "The Gift," the imitation of a French madrigal, and the Epitaph on Ned Purdon, which ought never to have appeared as the production of the author of THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

The poetical works of Oliver Goldsmith form, however, as is well known, but a small proportion of the fruits of his industry, and the proofs of his genius. His fame, as a prose-writer, rests on scarcely inferior pretensions to excellence. His "CITIZEN OF THE WORLD," originally published in a periodical paper called "THE LEDGER;" his occasional "ESSAYS," first published in a collected form in 1765; and, above all, his inimitable tale "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD;" exhibit a fertility of intellectual resources, a fund of wit and humour, and a familiar acquaintance with human nature, which entitle him to rank among the foremost of the English classics. The latter production, like Johnson's Rasselas, was written from the spur of necessity. Goldsmith composed the tale in his lodgings, in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, "attended," as we are informed by his biographer, "with the affecting circumstance of his being under arrest." Through the friendship of Dr. Johnson, he obtained from Newberry, the bookseller, sixty pounds for the manuscript,—a handsome sum in those times; especially considering that Goldsmith's fame had not then been established by the publication of his TRA-

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VELLER. This sum procured his enlargement: but the bookseller kept the manuscript by him two years before he ventured to publish it.

Poor Goldsmith was but too subject to these pecuniary difficulties, into which he was often betrayed by his imprudence, and then he escaped by the force of his talents. In a letter to his relative, Daniel Hodson, Esq. of Lishoy, he alludes to his precarious mode of livelihood, and refers to Scarron, who used jestingly to call himself the Marquis of Quenault, from the name of the bookseller that employed him: "and why," he adds, "may I not assert my privilege and quality on the same pretensions?" Then, remarking that they had in Ireland a very indifferent idea of a man who writes for bread, he consoles himself with the recollection, that "Swift and Steele did so in the earliest part of their lives." Of all the literary artisans of the day, however, Goldsmith, if not the least industrious, was not the least successful. He had no reason to complain of his patrons, the booksellers. For one compilation he received eight hundred and fifty pounds; and the money which he earned by similar undertakings, exclusive of the profits arising from his comedies, would, with habits of prudence and decent economy, have rendered him independent, if not affluent. It is said that he composed his prose works with singular facility, scarcely a correction occurring in whole quires of his histories; but his versification was submitted to patient and incessant revisal.

The notice of Dr. Goldsmith's productions has naturally led to the exhibition of his literary character, and with this, one would think, the reader's curiosity might be satisfied: but it is remarkable, that while with respect to the historian, the natural philosopher, and other authors, we are contented with the display which they make of themselves in their works, it is otherwise with a man whom we regard as a genuine poet. Immediately a desire is ex-

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cited to learn his physiognomy, to be made acquainted with the details of his private history, and if possible to be admitted to more confidential intercourse. How is this to be accounted for? Is the poet, necessarily, a more elevated and interesting character than the prose-writer? On the contrary, is it not too often found, that the imagination has been cultivated or indulged, at the expense of the proportionate developement of the other faculties, and at the expense of those moral habits which have so important an influence on the conduct in after-life? Is not that combination of genius and practical imbecility, of exalted faculty and indecision or incapacity of action, which marks too many of those characters, the natural result of a partial, and therefore imperfect cultivation of the mental powers? How often is our curiosity to be made acquainted with the author of works of fascinating beauty and tenderness gratified to the loss or the diminution of the pleasure which they at first awakened! But the fact is, that the very name of the poet appeals to the imagination in a way in which that of no other writer does. His works present to us an ideal character, framed of the elements of sentiment and feeling scattered through his works; and it is with this ideal character, from the strong sympathy his sentiments have awakened, that we desire to hold more intimate intercourse. Yet knowledge the most extensive—feeling the most refined—and rectitude of principle, are often dissociated so widely, as to appear to have no necessary connexion with each other: and when we find this practically illustrated in the memoirs of the poet, it is not easy to renew the pleasing illusion, and to recover the features of the imaginary portrait which the reality has displaced.

Oliver Goldsmith was born on the 29th of November, 1728. The place of his birth has been controverted. Dr. Johnson, in the epitaph for his monumental stone, states it to have been Pallas, in the

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parish of Forney, county of Longford; which is sanctioned by his biographer, the Bishop of Dromore. The record of his admission at college describes him as born in the county of Westmeath, which may have arisen from his father having, subsequently to his birth, obtained the living of Kilkenny West, in that county. Another account states him to have been born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, where his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Oliver Jones, resided, as master of the Diocesan school. Here he received part of his education. Oliver was the second among five sons, and born unexpectedly, after an interval of seven years from the birth of the former child. Of his elder brother, Henry, their father had formed the most sanguine hopes from the early promise he gave of distinguishing himself; and the liberal education which Mr. Goldsmith was bestowing upon him, bearing hard upon his small income, he could only propose to bring up Oliver to some mercantile employment. Henry, according to the account given by his elder sister, Mrs. Hodson, "unfortunately married at the early age of nineteen; which confined him to a curacy, and prevented his rising to preferment in the church."

Mrs. Hodson describes her brother Oliver as exhibiting, even in childhood, all the waywardness, as well as the intellectual signs of genius. At the age of seven or eight, he amused his friends with his poetical attempts. He was the infant EDWIN, as portrayed in the Minstrel—in every respect but his personal appearance. This, it seems, was so far removed from grace and beauty that when being but nine years old, he was one day required to dance a hornpipe before a large assembly at his uncle's, the musician very archly, as he supposed, compared him to Æsop dancing. The fiddler, however, had suddenly, as we are informed by Mrs. Hodson, the laugh turned against him, by Oliver's stopping short in the dance with this retort:

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" Our herald hath proclaim'd this saying,
See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing."

This smart reply, it is said, decided his fortune, for from that time his friends determined to send him to the university. After passing some years in the schools of Athlone, and at Edgeworth's Town, under the Rev. Patric Hughes, he was entered as a sizer at Dublin College, on the 11th of June, 1744, under the Rev. Theaker Wilder, one of the fellows; a man of harsh temper and violent passions, with whom Goldsmith, by his irregularities, was soon involved in most disagreeable broils, and from whom he experienced the most irritating treatment and unremitting persecution. Once he left college, having disposed of his books and clothes, with the resolution to leave the country; but he was soon driven back, like the prodigal, by necessity. While he was at college, soon after this event, his worthy father died, of whom he gives an account in the Citizen of the World, under the character of the man in black. His uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, who had contributed to support him at college, pressed him to prepare for holy orders; but an unsettled turn of mind, an unquenchable desire of visiting other countries, and perhaps an ingenuous sense of his unfitness for the clerical profession, conspired to disincline him to the church; and when at length he offered himself as a candidate to Bishop Synge, he was on some account or other refused ordination. The ill treatment and mortifications, indeed, to which he was subjected at college from his savage tutor, completely discouraged him; and from despondence he sank into habitual indolence: yet his genius, it is said, sometimes dawned through the gloom; and "translations from the classics, made by him at this period," were long "remembered by his contemporaries with applause." He was not however admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, till February 27, 1749, O.S. two years after the regular time.

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At length it was decided that he should be sent to Edinburgh, to be bred to the study of physic, where he was fixed by the persevering kindness of his uncle Contarine about the end of the year 1752. Here again poor Oliver became the hero of many an adventure, of many a tale of blunders and difficulties, and displayed all the weakness of his character. The desire to amuse, and the love of display, seduced him into buffoonery: his knowledge was not equal to his genius, and he did not endeavour by regular study to add to his acquisitions. His health was considerably injured by dissipation, and his pocket not unfrequently drained by his extravagance. He went however through the usual courses at Edinburgh; and then, with the consent of his beneficent uncle, removed to Leyden, in order to complete his medical studies. The story of his leaving Edinburgh precipitately, in order to avoid being arrested for a debt contracted by a fellow student, for which it is said he had become security, is discountenanced by a letter written by himself to his uncle from Leyden, in which he ascribes his detention in prison at Newcastle-upon-Tyne to a very different cause—his being found in company with some Scotchmen in the French service,—and he expresses his gratitude to God for the interposition, as the vessel in which he would otherwise have sailed, was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and all the crew were lost.

He resided at Leyden about a year, where he suffered all the vicissitudes of fortune at play, till at length, stripped of every shilling by this fatal passion for the gaming table, he determined to quit Holland; and he accordingly set out on his travels with only one clean shirt, and pennyless. His method of traveling, and the means to which he resorted for subsistence, have been already detailed. He traveled in this way through Flanders, and some parts of France and Germany; he passed sometime in Switzerland; from thence he went to Padua, where he

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staid six months, and visited all the northern part of Italy. In the mean while, he lost his good uncle and generous benefactor, the Rev. Mr. Contarine; and he landed at Dover about the breaking out of the war in 1756, destitute of any other resources than his talents. He arrived in London in the extremity of distress, "without," as he himself expresses it, "friends, recommendation, money, or impudence." The first situation which he obtained was that of assistant in an academy; but the circumstances attending this irksome employment soon rendered it intolerable. The want of present subsistence, subsequently led him to apply to several apothecaries, to be admitted as a journeyman; but his thread-bare coat, uncouth figure, and broad Irish dialect, exposed him to repeated insult and unfeeling repulse. At length a chemist near Fish Street Hill, moved by his forlorn condition, and perhaps surprised at his medical knowledge, employed him in his laboratory, where he was discovered by an old fellow-student of his at Edinburgh, Dr. Sleigh, who affectionately received him into his family, and offered him the use of his purse.

Thus assisted, we are informed, he commenced medical practitioner at Bankside, from whence he afterwards removed to the vicinity of the Temple: but although he had plenty of patients, he confessed he got no fees. Here however he had leisure to have recourse to his pen; and by his combined exertions in literature and medicine, "by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet," he made "shift to live." While thus endeavouring to support himself, he received an offer from the son of the Rev. Dr. Milner, a dissenting minister, who kept a classical school, of some eminence, at Peckham, to take the charge of his father's school during Dr. Milner's illness, which at length proved fatal. Through the same gentleman, he obtained, at the expiration of this engagement, a regular

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appointment to be physician to one of the factories in India. This was in the year 1758; and to prepare for his equipment he drew up proposals for printing his work on "The present State of Literature in Europe." It was about this time that, in a letter to his brother Henry, he attempted to dissuade him from sending his son to college, if he had "ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility for contempt;" he conjures him not, above all things, to let him ever touch a romance or a novel; urging that books teach very little of the world. Then, after affirming that "the greatest merit in a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous," he adds: —"Teach then, my dear sir, to your son, thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous, before I was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher, while I was exposing myself to the insidious approaches of cunning; and often by being, even with my narrow finances, charitable to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch who thanked me for my bounty."

Dr. Goldsmith gradually cooled in his desire for an East India voyage. His next engagement was as a writer in the Monthly Review, the publisher and proprietor of which, Mr. Ralph Griffiths, he met with at Dr. Milner's table. The terms offered him were his board and lodging, and a handsome salary: and the agreement was to last for one year. In fulfilling his part of it, Goldsmith declared he usually wrote for his employer every day from nine o'clock till two: but at the end of seven or eight months it was dissolved by mutual consent, and our author took lodgings in Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey;—a wretched dirty room, in which there was but one chair, so that when he was honoured with a visitant

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he was obliged himself to sit in the window. Here he finished his "Inquiry into the State of Literature." His next removal was to Wine Office Court, where he wrote, as has been already mentioned, the VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. In this residence he received his first visit from Dr. Johnson, on May 31st, 1761: when he gave an invitation to him, and much other company, many of them literary men, to a supper in these lodgings. Among the company invited was Dr. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore. In 1763, he took lodgings in Canonbury House, Islington, where he was employed principally in compiling and editing publications for his patron, Newberry the bookseller. In 1764, he fixed his abode in the Temple, first in the library staircaise, afterwards in the King's Bench Wall, and ultimately at No. 2, in Brick Court, where he had chambers on the first floor elegantly furnished. Thus gradually did this singularly gifted man, by the mere force of his talents, under every disadvantage of person and fortune, emerge from the obscurity of the most abject poverty, into celebrity and comparative affluence.

About 1764 was formed the celebrated literary club, of which Dr. Goldsmith was one of the first members, together with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Dr. Nugent, Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Langton, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, Mr. Chamier, and Mr. Dyer. They met and supped together every Friday evening, at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, Soho.

In 1768, (January 29th,) his play of the Good-natured Man, after being declined by Garrick, was produced at Covent Garden. In the following year, at the establishment of the Royal Academy, his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds procured for him the appointment of Professor of Ancient History; a mere complimentary distinction, attended with neither emolument nor trouble. His letters to his friends, written at this period, exhibit an unsophisticated simplicity of mind,

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and breathe the same ardent attachment to his country, and the same affection for his "poor shattered family," as ever.

In 1773, Dr. Goldsmith's second comedy, "She stoops to Conquer," made its appearance at Covent Garden. It had a surprising run, contrary to the manager's anticipations, and produced the author a clear profit of eight hundred pounds. This, we are informed, "brought down upon him a torrent of congratulatory addresses and petitions from less fortunate bards, whose indigence compelled them to solicit his bounty, and of scurrilous abuse from such as, being less reduced, only envied his success." The "London Packet," of Wednesday, March 24th, 1773, contained a letter signed Tom Tickle, which being pointed out to him by the official kindness of a friend, Goldsmith went to the publisher, (T. Evans of Paternoster Row,) and after arguing on the malignity of this unmerited attack upon his character, applied a cane to the bookseller's shoulders. A scuffle ensued, in which the Doctor got his share of blows, till Dr. Kenrick, "a noted libeller," and the suspected author of the letter, stepped forward from the bookseller's back room, and, parting the combatants, sent the Doctor, severely bruised, home in a coach. The affair long employed the discussion of the newspapers; and an action was threatened for the assault; but it was at length compromised, and the poet published an address on the subject in the DAILY ADVERTISER, written so much in the nervous style of Dr. Johnson, that it was at first supposed, though without foundation, to be his.

His last publication was his "History of animated Nature," in eight volumes octavo, which appeared in 1774. In the spring of that year, being embarrassed in his circumstances, owing to his profusion and liberality, but still more to his pernicious attachment to gaming, he was attacked with a severe fit of the strangury. To this complaint he was subject, owing

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probably to his intemperate application at times, for several weeks together, without exercise, to some of his compilations; on the completion of which he used to give himself up to all the gaieties of the metropolis. His indisposition, being in the present instance aggravated by mental distress, terminated in an alarming fever. Contrary to the advice of the medical gentlemen whom he called in, he had recourse to James's Fever Powder, from which he had in a similar attack received benefit. From this time the progress of the disease was as unfavourable as possible; the symptoms became daily more alarming; and on Monday, April 4th, he expired, in the forty-sixth year of his age. It was at first proposed by his friends to honour him with a public funeral; but this idea was abandoned, probably from the embarrassed circumstances in which he died, and he was privately interred in the Temple burial ground, at five o'clock in the evening of the Saturday following his departure. A marble monument was subsequently raised, by means of a subscription among his friends, which is placed between those of Gay and of the Duke of Argyle, in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

It is impossible to peruse the memoirs of Goldsmith, without participating, in some degree, in those mixed feelings of admiration and regret, of friendly esteem and compassion, with which he appears to have been regarded by his contemporaries,—feelings corresponding with the contrarieties that met in his character. The social and literary attractions of that man must have been considerable, who was admitted as the friend and compeer of Johnson and Burke, of Reynolds and Percy, of Garrick and Beauclerk. Yet this same individual, from his vanity and his blunders, together with a misplaced ambition of being a wit, often made himself in conversation ridiculous. "Nothing could be more amiable," we are told, "than the general features of his mind." He was generous

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in the extreme, too often sacrificing prudence and justice to the impulse of his feelings, and continually becoming the dupe of imposition. But his conduct was too much at variance with any settled religious principles. Garrick describes him, in a line, as a most heterogeneous compound of qualities.

"This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet."

Dr. Johnson, who took every opportunity of eulogizing the genius and vindicating the fame of Goldsmith, for whom he seems to have had a sincere friendship, observed on one occasion, "Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but is coming right." This candid sentence upon his character, does credit to Johnson's feelings; it is melancholy to reflect that Goldsmith did not survive long enough to realize the hope of his friend. While his works will never fail to awaken emotions of tender delight and admiration, by the genius which adorns them, and the generous sentiments with which they abound, that example which the "poor wandering uncle" besought his brother to place before the eyes of his son, as a beacon, will continue to speak still more impressively the language of admonition and instruction. How far do the dangers of going wrong preponderate over the chances of "coming right!"

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THE

TRAVELLER:

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1765.

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TO THE

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a

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sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests, and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every

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absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say: for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes ever after the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse, to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I

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have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am,

DEAR SIR,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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Ev'n now where Alpine solitudes ascend.
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend:
And plac'd on high above the storm's career,

THE TRAVELLER.

DRAWN BY RICHARD WESTALL, R.A. ENGRAVED BY J.H.ROBINSON;
PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY:
AUG.1,1822.

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THE

TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravel'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;

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Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

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When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;

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And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

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Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content:
Yet these each other's power so strong contest
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails:
Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone:
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies;
Here for awhile, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;

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Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While seaborn gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.

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In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue:
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;

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From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade:
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul:
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;

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No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword:
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.

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At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined;
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;

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For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd:
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimproved, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest:

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But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain:
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew.
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:

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Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unbless'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:

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The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.

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Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow,
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspis glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;

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Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind;
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd indeed were such without alloy,
But, foster'd e'en by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high
Keeps man from man and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;

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Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, overwrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;

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Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh, then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise to arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;

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Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus, polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;

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Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagára stuns with thundering sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:

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THE TRAVELLER.

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangrous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,—
—The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go.

Drawn by Richard Westall, R.A. Engraved by Charles Heath.
Published by John Sharpe, Piccadilly.
Aug. 1. 1827.

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With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

In the Respublica Hungarica there is an account of a desperate rebellion in the year 1514, headed by two brothers, George and Luke Zeck. When it was quelled, *George*, not *Luke*, was punished by his head being encircled with a red hot iron crown. Boswell pointed out Goldsmith's mistake.

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THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1769.

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TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as a few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

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How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire: but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians

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against me. For twenty or thirty years past it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, DEAR SIR,

Your sincere friend,

and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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Down where yon anch'ring vefsel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
Downward they move a melancholy band,—

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

DRAWN BY RICHARD WESTALL R.A. ENGRAVED BY CHAS HEATH:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY:
AUG. 1, 1822.

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THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please:
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church, that topp'd the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

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How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And slights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;

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Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;

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For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,

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Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How bless'd is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!

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For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep,
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be pass'd.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

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But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled;
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;

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Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,

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He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran:
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

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Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still;

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While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.

But pass'd is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nutbrown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door:
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;

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While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Carefull to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their firstborn sway;

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Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere trifiers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;

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The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are pass'd, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;

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And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.
Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.
If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

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Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart, deplores that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

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Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around:
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they:
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love. [day,

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,

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And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go,
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou cursed by heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

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Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;

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Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell! and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the' inclement clime;
Aid slighted Truth with thy persuasive train;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self dependent power can time defy,
And rocks resist the billows and the sky.

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THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

——— yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling creſses spread,—
—She only left of all the harmleſs train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Drawn by Richard Westall R.A. Engraved by William Finden.
Published by John Sharpe, Piccadilly.
Aug 1, 1831.

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THE

HERMIT.

A Ballad.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1765.

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TO

The Printer of the St. James's Chronicle.

JUNE, 1767.

SIR,

As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not entensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one* by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not

* "The Friar of Orders Gray."

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think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarce worth printing: and were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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Turn gentle hermit of the dale.
And guide my lonely way.
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

THE HERMIT.

DRAWN BY RICHARD WESTALL, R.A. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES HEATH;
PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY;
AUG. 1, 1822.

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THE

HERMIT.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread;
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

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" Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

" But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

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Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smiled;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

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Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppress'd:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

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" And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

" And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest:
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

" For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His lovelorn guest betray'd.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

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" And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
" Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

" But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

" My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

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" In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

" The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

" For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

" Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret where he died.

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" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

" And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

" Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

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" No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

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THE

HAUNCH OF VENISON.

AN

Epistle to Lord Clare.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1765.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating: [regretting
I had thoughts, in my chamber, to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtû:
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.

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But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce;
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn*.
To go on with my tale—as I gazed on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and stanch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undress'd,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best:
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when,
There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;

* Lord Clare's nephew.

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Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;
An underbred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he look'd at the venison and me.
"What have we got here?—Why, this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whose should it be?" cried I with a flounce;
"I get these things often"—but that was a bounce:
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation."
"If that be the case then," cried he, very gay,
"I'm glad to have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three: [there;
We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will be
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
What say you—a pasty, it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

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Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;
No stirring, I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!"
Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself*;
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty
Were things that I never disliked in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we were all to dine,
(A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine),
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
"For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and the' other with Thrale;
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.

* See the letters that passed between his Royal Highness Henry Duke of Cumberland, and Lady Grosvenor.

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The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They're both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
While thus he described them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there were spinach and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me most was that d——d Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his brogue,
And, "madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be cursed,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."

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" The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
" I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small,
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."
" O—ho! quoth my friend, " he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice;
There's a pasty"—" A pasty!" repeated the Jew;
" I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."—
" What the de'il, mon, a pasty!" reechoed the Scot;
" Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."—
" We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
" We'll all keep a corner," was echoed about.
While thus we resolved, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid;
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam, in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out (for who could mistake her?)
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on't the story may stop.

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To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplaced,
To send such good verses to one of your taste:
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

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RETALIATION.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1774. AFTER THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

[Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-house.—One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for *Retaliation*, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.]

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.
If our landlord[1] supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:

[1] The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, occasionally dined.

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Our dean[2] shall be venison, just fresh from the plains,
Our Burke[3] shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains,
Our Will[4] shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick[5] with his pepper shall heighten the savour:
Our Cumberland's[6] sweetbread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas[7] is pudding substantial and plain:
Our Garrick's[8] a sallad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner full certain I am,
That Ridge[9] is anchovy, and Reynolds[10] is lamb:

[2] Dr. Bernard, dean of Derry in Ireland.

[3] Edmund Burke.

[4] Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

[5] Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

[6] Richard Cumberland, author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lover, The Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

[7] Dr. Douglas, canon of Windsor (late bishop of Salisbury), an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

[8] David Garrick.

[9] Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

[10] Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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That Hickey's[11] a capon, and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, reunited to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least, in six weeks I could not find them out;
Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied them,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide them.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:

[11] An eminent attorney.

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Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend [12] to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

[12] Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

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Here lies honest Richard[13] whose fate I must sigh at;
Alas! that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine:
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.

[13] Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

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His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself.

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds[14] shall be pious, our Kenricks[15] shall lecture;

[14] The unfortunate Dr. Dodd.

[15] Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakspeare."

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Macpherson[16] write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man:
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
This man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And be-plaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:

16 James Macpherson, who lately, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

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Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys[17], and Woodfalls[18] so grave,
What a commerce was yours while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street reecho the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:

17 Hugh Kelly, author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wise, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

18 Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.

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Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser:
Too courteous perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah no!
Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn ye,—
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:

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To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Coreggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet[19], and only took snuff.

[19] Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

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POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord[1], from a friend of the late Dr. Goldsmith.

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily lived, he is now a grave[2] man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoiced in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere,
A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

[1] Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

[2] Mr. W. was so notorious a punster that Dr. Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

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What pity, alas! that so liberal a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confined!
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content "if the table be set in a roar;"
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall[3] confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs, and reecho'd his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross-readings, ship-news, and *mistakes of the press*[4].

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit;
This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse,
"Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd muse."

[3] Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

[4] Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

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To this Postscript the Reader may not be displeased to find added the following

POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR. GOLDSMITH;

OR,

Supplement to his Retaliation.

FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST, 1778.

DOCTOR, according to our wishes,
You've character'd us all in dishes;
Served up a sentimental treat
Of various emblematic meat:
And now it's time, I trust, you'll think
Your company should have some drink:
Else, take my word for it, at least
Your Irish friends won't like your feast.
Ring, then, and see that there is placed
To each according to his taste.
To Douglas, fraught with learned stock
Of critic lore, give ancient hock;
Let it be genuine, bright, and fine,
Pure unadulterated wine;
For if there's fault in taste, or odour,
He'll search it, as he search'd out Lauder.
To Johnson, philosophic sage,
The Moral Mentor of the age,

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Religion's friend, with soul sincere,
With melting heart, but look austere,
Give liquor of an honest sort,
And crown his cup with priestly Port.

Now fill the glass with gay Champagne,
And frisk it in a livelier strain;
Quick, quick, the sparkling nectar quaff,
Drink it, dear Garrick!—drink and laugh!

Pour forth to Reynolds, without stint,
Rich Burgundy, of ruby tint;
If e'er his colours chance to fade,
This brilliant hue shall come in aid,
With ruddy lights refresh the faces,
And warm the bosoms of the Graces!

To Burke a pure libation bring,
Fresh drawn from clear Castalian spring,
With civic oak the goblet bind,
Fit emblem of his patriot mind;
Let Clio at his table sip,
And Hermes hand it to his lip.

Fill out my friend, the dean[5] of Derry,
A bumper of conventual sherry!

Give Ridge and Hickey, generous souls!
Of whisky punch convivial bowls;
But let the kindred Burkes regale
With potent draughts of Wicklow ale!

[5] Dr. Barnard.

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To C*****k next in order turn ye,
And grace him with the vines of Ferney!
Now, Doctor, you're an honest sticker,
So take your glass, and choose your liquor:
Wilt have it steep'd in Alpine snows,
Or damask'd at Silenus' nose?
With Wakefield's vicar sip your tea,
Or to Thalia drink with me?
And, Doctor, I would have you know it,
An honest, I, though humble poet;
I scorn the sneaker like a toad,
Who drives his cart the Dover road,
There, traitor to his country's trade,
Smuggles vile scraps of French brocade:
Hence with all such! for you and I
By English wares will live and die.
Come, draw your chair, and stir the fire:
Here, boy!—a pot of Thrale's entire!

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THE

DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A Tale.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.
  Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arrived at thirty-six?
O, had the archer ne'er come down,
To ravage in a country town!

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Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet Street shop.
O, had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.
O!——But let exclamation cease;
Her presence banish'd all his peace:
So with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains closed around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms:
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And, though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honeymoon like lightning flew;
The second brought its transports too:
A third, a fourth were not amiss;
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
But when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay:

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Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.
Skill'd in no other arts was she
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle;
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board, or bed,
Five greasy nightcaps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing!
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy;
The squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations.

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Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown:
He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose:
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes;
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz;
And though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravel'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or laquacious strife
Promised to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower,
Lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Level'd its terrors at the fair;

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And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The squire himself was seen to yield,
And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old;
With modesty her cheeks were dyed,
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean:

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No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good nature every day:
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

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THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

LOGICIANS have but ill defined
As rational the human mind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great decision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione preditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em:
And must in spite of them maintain
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature:

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That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute;
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfined,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court;
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend a foe;
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob;
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Paternoster Row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancing masters,
No pickpockets, or poetasters,

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Are known to honest quadrupeds;
No single brute his fellows leads;
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape,
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion:
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state:
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators:
At court, the porters, lackeys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act:
Thus at the court, both great and small
Behave alike—for all ape all.

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A NEW SIMILE.

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind;
The modern scribbling kind, who write
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:
Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair;
But let us not proceed too furious,
First please to turn to god Mercurius:
You'll find him pictured at full length
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

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Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bards decreed;
A just comparison—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air;
And here my simile unites;
For, in a modern poet's flights,
I'am sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe to' observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake encircled wand:
By classic authors term'd caduceus,
And highly famed for several uses:
To wit—most wondrously endued,
No poppy water half so good;

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For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.
Now to apply, begin we then:
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twined
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike too both conduce to sleep.
This difference only, as the god
Drove souls to Tartarus with his rod,
With his goose-quill the scribbling elf
Instead of others damns himself.
And here my simile almost tripp'd,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover, Mercury had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;

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In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But e'en this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

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DESCRIPTION

OF

AN AUTHOR'S BEDCHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champagne,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;

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The seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
And brave prince William show'd his lamp-black face;
The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimneyboard:
A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night——a stocking all the day!

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THE

CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses had ears?
" An't please you," quoth John, " I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be saved! without thinking on asses."

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AN

ELEGY

ON

THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

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And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mungrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And, while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

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AN

ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unless when she was sinning.

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At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short-all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day.

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ON

A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH,

STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

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THE GIFT.

TO

Iris, in Bow Street, Covent Garden.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let them,
If gems or gold impart a joy,
I'll give them when I get them.

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I'll give—but not the full blown rose,
Or rose-bud more in fashion;
Such shortlived offerings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

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STANZAS ON WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die.

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LINES,

INSERTED IN THE MORNING CHRONICLE OF APRIL 3, 1800.

E'EN have you seen, bathed in the morning dew,
The budding rose its infant bloom display;
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek;
I gazed, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion weak.

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SONG,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

Ah me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a smile shall my passion discover:
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

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SONG.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears the' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection!
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

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SONG,

FROM

THE ORATORIO OF THE CAPTIVITY.

THE wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

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SONG.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing
In thee must ever find a foe.

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STANZAS

ON

THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures start.

Oh, Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead!
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

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EPITAPH

ON

DR. PARNELL.

THIS tomb, inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way!
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

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EPITAPH

ON

EDWARD PURDON.

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world—
I dont think he'll wish to come back.

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PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN

BY THE POET LABERIUS,

A Roman Knight,

WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS.

WHAT! no way left to shun the' inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age!
Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;
Unawed by power, and unappal'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honour dear:
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more;

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For, ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine;
Him I obey, whom Heaven himself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclined to please.
Here then at once I welcome every shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame;
No more my titles shall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

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PROLOGUE

TO

THE TRAGEDY OF ZOBEIDE

In these bold times, when learning's sons explore
The distant climates and the savage shore;
When wise *astronomers* to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While *botanists*, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling;
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With *Scythian* stores and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands has order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven? our reckoning sure is lost!
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.

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Lord! what a sultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder:
[*Upper Gallery.*
There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen them— [*Pit.*
Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in them—
[*Balconies.*
Here ill-condition'd oranges abound— [*Stage.*
And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground:
[*Tasting them.*
The' inhabitants are cannibals I fear:
I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!
O, there the people are—best keep my distance!
Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance;
Our ship's well stored—in yonder creek we've laid her,
His honour is no mercenary trader.
This is his first adventure; lend him aid,
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,
Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What, no reply to promises so ample?
—I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

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EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

Mr. Lee Lewes

IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD! prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense;
I'd speak a word or two to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclipsed the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a piebald vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[*Takes off his Mask.*

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth;
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursued!

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Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses;
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trapdoor demons rise,
And from above the dangling deities.
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do!
No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage:
Shakspeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!
The maddening monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—soft—
'twas but a dream.
Ay, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating;
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavil'd at his image in a flood.
"The deuce confound," he cries, "these drumstick
shanks,
They neither have my gratitude nor thanks:

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They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!
But for a head—yes, yes, I have a head.
How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
My horns!—I'm told horns are the fashion now."
Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd! to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew.
Hoicks! hark forward! came thundering from behind,
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind:
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length his silly head, so prized before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself, like me.

[*Taking a jump through the Stage Door.*

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EPILOGUE

TO

Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's

COMEDY OF THE SISTER.

WHAT! five long acts—and all to make us wiser!
Out authoress sure has wanted an adviser.
Had she consulted me, she would have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;
Have pleased our eyes, and saved the pain of thinking.
Well, since she thus has shown her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade? I will. [my cue:
But how? ay, there's the rub! [*pausing*]—I've got
The world's a masquerade; the maskers, you, you,
you. [*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*

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Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!
False wit, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!
Statesmen with bridles on; and, close beside them,
Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride them.
There Hebes, turned of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.
Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman;
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem every thing but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems to' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,
Looking, as who should say, damme! who's afraid?
[*Mimicking.*
Strip but his vizor off, and sure I am
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.

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Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;
Yet, when he deigns his real shape to' assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
And seems to every gazer all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's in black!
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
Well, then, a truce, since she requests it too:
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

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EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MRS. BULKLEY AND MISS CATLEY.

Enter Mrs. Bulkley, who curtsies very low as beginning to speak. Then enter Miss Catley, who stands full before her, and curtsies to the Audience.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Hold, ma'am, your pardon. What's your business here?

MISS CATLEY.

The Epilogue.

MRS. BULKLEY.

The Epilogue?

MISS CATLEY.

Yes, the Epilogue, my dear.

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MRS. BULKLEY.

Sure you mistake, ma'am. The Epilogue? *I* bring it.

MISS CATLEY.

Excuse me, ma'am. The author bid *me* sing it.

RECITATIVE.

Ye beaux and belles, that form this splendid ring,
Suspend your conversation while I sing.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Why sure the girl's beside herself: an Epilogue of singing,
A hopeful end indeed to such a bless'd beginning.
Besides, a singer in a comic set!
Excuse me, ma'am; I know the etiquette.

MISS CATLEY.

What if we leave it to the House?

MRS. BULKLEY.

The House!—Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULKLEY.

And she, whose party's largest, shall proceed.

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And first I hope, you'll readily agree
I've all the critics and the wits for me.
They, I am sure, will answer my commands;
Ye candid judging few, hold up your hands:
What, no return? I find too late, I fear,
That modern judges seldom enter here.

MISS CATLEY.

I'm for a different set—Old men, whose trade is
Still to gallant and dangle with the ladies:

RECITATIVE.

Who mump their passion, and who, grimly smiling,
Still thus address the fair, with voice beguiling.

AIR—COTILLON.

Turn, my fairest, turn, if ever
Strephon caught thy ravish'd eye;
Pity take on your swain so clever,
Who without your aid must die.
Yes, I shall die, hu, hu, hu, hu.
Yes, I must die, ho, ho, ho, ho. [*Da capo.*

MRS. BULKLEY.

Let all the old pay homage to your merit:
Give me the young, the gay, the men of spirit.

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Ye travel'd tribe, ye macaroni train,
Of French friseurs, and nosegays, justly vain,
Who take a trip to Paris once a year
To dress, and look like awkward Frenchmen here,
Lend me your hands.—O fatal news to tell,
Their hands are only lent to the Heinelle.

MISS CATLEY.

Ay, take your travellers, travellers indeed!
Give me my bonny Scot, that travels from the Tweed.
Where are the cheels! Ah, ah, I well discern
The smiling looks of each bewitching bairne:
A bonny young lad is my jockey.

AIR.

I'll sing to amuse you by night and by day,
And be unco merry when you are but gay;
When you with your bagpipes are ready to play,
My voice shall be ready to carol away
With Sandy, and Sawney, and Jockey,
With Sawney, and Jarvie, and Jockey.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Ye gamesters, who, so eager in pursuit,
Make but of all your fortune one *va toute*:

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Ye jockey tribe, whose stock of words are few,
" I hold the odds—Done, done, with you, with you:"
Ye barristers so fluent with grimace,
" My lord—your lordship misconceives the case:"
Doctors, who cough and answer every misfortuner,
" I wish I'd been call'd in a little sooner:"
Assist my cause with hands and voices hearty,
Come end the contest here, and aid my party.

AIR.—BALEINAMONY.

MISS CATLEY.

Ye brave Irish lads, hark away to the crack,
Assist me, I pray, in this woful attack;
For sure I don't wrong you, you seldom are slack,
When the ladies are calling, to blush and hang back:
For you're always polite and attentive,
Still to amuse us inventive,
And death is your only preventive:
Your hands and your voices for me.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Well, madam, what if, after all this sparring,
We both agree, like friends, to end our jarring?

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MISS CATLEY.

And that our friendship may remain unbroken,
What if we leave the Epilogue unspoken?

MRS. BULKLEY.

Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULKLEY.

And now, with late repentance,
Unepilogued the Poet waits his sentence:
Condemn the stubborn fool, who can't submit
To thrive by flattery, though he starves by wit.

[*Exeunt.*

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EPILOGUE,

INTENDED FOR

MRS. BULKLEY.

THERE is a place, so Ariosto sings,
A treasury for lost and missing things:
Lost human wits have places there assign'd them,
And they, who lose their senses, there may find them.
But where's this place, this storehouse of the age?
The Moon, says he:—but I affirm, the Stage:
At least, in many things, I think, I see
His lunar and our mimic world agree.
Both shine at night, for but at Foote's alone,
We scarce exhibit till the sun goes down.
Both prone to change, no settled limits fix,
And sure the folks of both are lunatics,

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But in this parallel my best pretence is.
That mortals visit both to find their senses.
To this strange spot, rakes, macaronies, cits,
Come thronging to collect their scatter'd wits.
The gay coquette, who ogles all the day,
Comes here at night, and goes a prude away.
Hither the affected city dame advancing,
Who sighs for operas, and dotes on dancing.
Taught by our art her ridicule to pause on,
Quits the *ballet*, and calls for Nancy Dawson.
The gamester too, whose wits all high or low,
Oft risks his fortune on one desperate throw,
Comes here to saunter, having made his bets,
Finds his lost senses out, and pays his debts.
The Mohawk too—with angry phrases stored,
As " Dam'me, Sir," and, " Sir, I wear a sword;"
Here lesson'd for awhile, and hence retreating,
Goes out, affronts his man, and takes a beating.
Here come the sons of scandal and of news,
But find no sense—for they had none to lose.
Of all the tribe here wanting an adviser,
Our Author's the least likely to grow wiser;

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Has he not seen how you your favour place
On sentimental queens and lords in lace?
Without a star, or coronet, or garter,
How can the piece expect or hope for quarter?
No high-life scenes, no sentiment:—the creature
Still stoops among the low to copy nature.
Yes, he's far gone:—and yet some pity fix,
The English laws forbid to punish lunatics.

FINIS.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.

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No garden; stair, or convert
Has been conferred upon us yet

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